Orb in a cube.

On June 29, 1990, the telecommunications satellite Intelsat VI F-4 was placed into a geostationary orbit. A few days later, it commenced its regular operations, facilitating the transmission of various data, including satellite television signals. On March 17, 1991, just as it was emerging from the shadow of the Earth, a speck appeared approximately 5 meters away from the left solar panel of the satellite. It seemingly appeared out of nowhere, releasing a few photons into space. Detecting this microflash would have been challenging even from a meter's distance, let alone from the geostationary orbit at 36,000 km. The 1,5-mm diameter speck had no impact whatsoever on the satellite's operation or its trajectory. The small piece of matter began moving strictly parallel to the course of Intelsat VI F-4.

If an optical device could be directed at the object that appeared out of nowhere, the observer would notice that it was not just a clump of cosmic dust - it was a microscopic apparatus of clearly extraterrestrial origin. Under the microscope, its surface would reveal devices and assemblages that continuously change their geometry and configuration. But the most intriguing aspect was inside this particle— there, within vast (on a molecular scale) areas, life and exploratory activities were bustling. The semi-transparent, water droplet-like inhabitants of the tiny spacecraft had quite a lot of work, as their devices had begun absorbing all the information generated by humanity immediately upon entering the orbit.

Memory of Freedom.

40 years have passed. The Intelsat VI F-4 satellite had long been sent into graveyard orbit, but the extraterrestrial apparatus still remained in the same spot.

On April 3rd, at 19:15:03.531 GMT, the sensors of the microcosmic spacecraft, among the myriads of incredible data, detected the click of a computer mouse in the city of Interlaken, in Jungfraustrasse. The click sent a message to the internet:

"If those who placed us on this planet could see what we've done to it and to ourselves, they would simply switch us off. There's some kind of error encoded in us."

This set of characters appeared on the screen inside the microspacecraft, and immediately, the entire life story of the person who had written it followed. It was 45-year-old Tommy Meyer, a family man, father of two children, and an employee at a construction materials store. The semi-transparent inhabitants of the speck began to study Tommy's life with great interest.

It turned out that Meyer was, in a way, a unique individual. Due to a series of miraculously unfolding circumstances, he was one of the few who experienced true freedom in their childhood. Most importantly, because Tommy only connected to the 'social pipeline' at the age of eight, he retained the memory of freedom for his entire life.

It all began when Tommy Meyer was born, whereupon he was immediately sent to the village to live with his grandmother and grandfather, where he happily and freely lived through the first seven years of his life. The key words in the previous sentence are 'happily, freely,' and 'until the age of seven.' It's hard to say if an ordinary person has distinct memories of such an early age of their life, but Tommy retained them, even though more than one decade has passed. Perhaps it was the contrasts that constantly accompanied Meyer that contributed to such remarkable memory properties.

Until the age of seven, he lived in a village amidst endless forests and lakes, and his freedom of movement, communication, the freedom of childlike thinking, and simply the freedom of life weren’t in any way restricted by anyone. However, as he approached eight years old, his parents took him back to the city and enrolled him in the senior group of kindergarten—so that 'the child could prepare for school and for life.' Tommy was always very sociable and observant—so what did he start observing in these new life circumstances? Apparently, because the 'social pipeline' began sucking him in a few years later than usual, he forever remembered what true freedom is. Not the kind of freedom tainted by the sticky, bloody paws of politicians, but the one that is inherently given to a person.

In kindergarten, they were taught to march in formation, despite the fact that the entire area was fenced with a mesh grid and it was unlikely anyone could've escaped. Meyer watched the children who had already spent two or three years within the confines of this fence and saw how enthusiastically they followed the educators' commands, cheerfully forming up and getting ready for a walk within the perimeter. Tommy sat on the edge of the sandbox, observing the world through the squares in the fence. At this young age, while looking at the fence, a sense of yearning was born. Yearning for something irreversibly lost. And yet it would seem as though freedom was so close, right there, beyond the fence.

Tommy Meyer comforted himself with the thought that when he grew older, he would go beyond the fence and once again feel freedom. However, even here, his curiosity and inquisitiveness quickly identified future challenges. It turned out that the kindergarten was located near a military academy, also surrounded by a fence, but a tall and solid one. And the most surprising thing was that there, too, they marched in formation all day according to the schedule, but this time not children, but adults. They voluntarily went behind this fence in the morning, spent the entire day engaging in utterly meaningless activities, and returned home in the evening. Many even lived behind this wall, the top of which was surrounded by barbed wire. Even decades later, Tommy never understood why the wire was wound there—to prevent cadets from escaping or to keep enemies from infiltrating. The simple and happy world was turning out to be worse and more complex.

And though Meyer was a restless child in his childhood, sometimes he pondered over things that few even consider in adulthood. In kindergarten, his friends didn't understand what Tommy was talking about when he mentioned freedom. It was a strange revelation—everyone around him thought that marching in formation behind a fence on a schedule was perfectly normal. No one, including the educators and parents who came to pick up their children, either no longer remembered or never knew what freedom was.

At this very moment, all these circumstances troubled Tommy Meyer, especially considering that he was raising his own children. Strange changes were also occurring in the world—almost every country resembled checkpoints surrounded by enemies. Politicians continuously generated enemies, allowing them to keep the population in ever-increasing slavery and constantly tighten and change laws. At times, military conflicts flared up here and there around the world, but their dramaturgy was clearly pre-coordinated.

The aliens' screen displayed Tommy's main thoughts, as articulated by him in text messages sent to friends and acquaintances:

«I am increasingly convinced that all politicians on this planet are genetic aberrations. It is a big mistake to seek among them the best and the worst - they are all the same mutants. The existence of politics and politicians is the primary cause of human misery and endless slavery. Another big mistake is to believe that an ordinary person cannot live without a politician. It is the politician who cannot survive without the people.

"Elections" are a seizure of power through so-called "voting." When the "people," along with the so-called "ballot," throw all their rights, freedoms, forests, fields, and rivers into the ballot box, leaving themselves only responsibilities. But "elections" were invented recently - before that, for thousands of years, they owned the "common folk" the exact same way but couldn’t say, "You chose us yourselves."

Why do most anthems of different countries contain words urging people to kill and defeat all enemies? Does no one ever consider where all these enemies come from?

Does anyone know of at least one war in all of history that was organized by ordinary people? Politicians were the ones behind all the wars and sent ordinary people to die in them.

If we count how many people have died on Earth because of politicians and politics, it becomes clear that there is no more terrifying phenomenon.

There are people who, at the slightest pretext or even without it, are willing to go to war. They don't want to work; they believe that killing is their job. It's clear that the alliance of such "warriors" with politicians creates a system that normal people cannot fight back against.

Politics is the most terrifying virus on the planet. Mutant virus carriers will destroy all life on Earth.

Any state is a conditional construct created for the monetization of the population.

The number of written laws, rules, and decrees is off the charts. They have long contradicted each other, but no one seems to be bothered by it.

I've always wondered: are all politicians on Earth born as monsters, or do mutations occur as a result of "politics" virus entering the body?

It seems like the system itself maintains a certain level of crime to justify its existence as the 'protector' of the population. Meanwhile, the police increasingly transform into enforcers.

At all times and in all territories, war is the death of people in a struggle over which master will exploit and abuse them. All other lofty words on this subject are - mere propaganda.

Nothing belongs to the common citizen. Private property has long ceased to exist. Laws and taxes are written in such a way that they can strip a person of everything at any moment. The state can even take away the very life of an ordinary citizen at its discretion.

I have a feeling that I spend 90% of my life doing neither what I need to do nor what I would like to do. I do what someone else needs me to do all the time. Perhaps similar feelings visit most people.

I once ran into my classmates, Leonardo and Samuel, near the supermarket. We started talking about life and subtly shifted to topics of politics and freedom. Our views on this ground diverged a bit, and that was when I noticed Lucas Bruner, who, although not our classmate, attended the same school as us. From his behavior and the way he looked at us, we understood that he didn't recognize us. That was when I suggested conducting an experiment.

The three of us approached Lucas and made a very interesting proposition:

“Here's the deal: we take control of everything you have and effectively manage it all. You work, and we control. Moreover, you'll have to pay us a salary and taxes that we'll set ourselves. If you don't pay, everything you had becomes ours.”

Next, I wanted to add that he would also have to wage war against the neighbors according to our instructions, but I didn't get the chance - Bruner told us to go to hell.

After a turn of events like that, we reminded Lucas about school, and he finally recognized us. Everyone laughed at the 'joke' about effective life control. However, I didn't find it funny—in reality, the situation is much more absurd, but no one seems to notice.

The advent of politicians on Earth is the worst thing that could have happened to this planet.

Why does no one remember the feeling of freedom? None of my acquaintances know what it is, and yet it is the best thing that can be. I remember how, after running around with friends in my childhood, we sat down to rest under a huge tree. The scent of the beginning of summer lingered in the still air, and specks of dust floated in the rays of the setting sun. I didn't think about the past or the future - I was completely free and absolutely happy.

Political mutations on Earth have entered a stage of dreadful deformity.

States are a concentration camp utopia because this absurdity is upheld solely by violence. As soon as people stop believing in this caricature construct, life will begin to improve.

I’m for PEACE - for PEACE without politicians. I’m for the BASE - for the BASE without the superstructure.»

On the screen of the alien ship appeared an image that depicted a young Tommy Meyer, with friends and a happy expression, sitting on folded wooden logs under a huge tree, watching dust particles float in the sun's rays. It turns out that a camera, sent back to the past from the microscopic alien ship, is attached to one of these particles.

Comparing all the obtained data, the semi-transparent space travelers make a decision, and the buttons on the control panel light up in green. In a special compartment of one of the numerous laboratories on the ship, a robot creates an assemblage resembling a pyramid from individual quanta of fermion, boson, and gluon.

Orb in a Cube.

On April 3, at 19:15:03.711 GMT, a capsule detached from the alien spacecraft, the microscopic size of which humans can only imagine theoretically. Three seconds later, events occurred that forever changed the deadlock of history and the peculiar course of evolution on the third planet from the Sun.

At 19:15:06.111 GMT, one pixel on Tommy Meyer's monitor went dark, and at that moment, his neck suddenly itched. No more supernatural events occurred on Earth that evening.

The next morning, as usual, Tommy set out for work by car. To his surprise, there was a checkpoint with armed people in uniform in the center of Interlaken that day.

- Now our little town is under siege, too, - Meyer mumbled sadly.

Seeing numerous cameras at the checkpoint, Meyer pulled a medical mask from the glove compartment and put it on his face. Tommy didn't like it when people in uniform photographed him.

Two armed soldiers stopped the car. One of them persistently asked for identification documents, explaining that the state is very concerned about its citizens and, in return, demands that they obediently follow its instructions. The second soldier remained silent for a long time, and then, in a rather abrupt manner, demanded that Tommy remove the mask. Tommy had to comply with the instruction, for the state was so insistent and unwavering in its concern for him. For appearance's sake, Tommy even coughed a few times.

The military scrutinized Meyer's documents for a long time, then issued a summons to the military commandant's office. In the commandant's office, the usefulness of Tommy's organism was supposed to be assessed for military and state needs. Such a turn of events didn't bode well. Meyer arrived at work in a gloomy mood.

The next twenty-four hours were the last that Earth lived under the old regime.

On April 5th, at 6:19:01 GMT, the world witnessed the formation of the first ever human sphere. At the Interlaken checkpoint, the military personnel, including the one who demanded documents from Tommy, suddenly stopped, froze, and lost consciousness. Then the strangest thing happened: the muscles of the person in uniform tensed, and breaking the bones of their own body with a crunch rolled the body into a sphere, with the back facing inward.

Before the colleagues of the military personnel could recover from this unprecedented but frightening sight and call for help, four more spheres formed at the checkpoint. Tommy was

commuting to work at that very moment, when emergency services had not yet arrived at the post. He saw the khaki-colored spheres but did not understand what they were.

“Good thing there’s no military around, or they would have asked if I had been to the commandant's office," - thought Meyer, and he continued on his way.

Tommy never made it to the commandant's office. By lunchtime that same day, there was not a single responsible military person within a radius of 200 kilometers, but there were plenty of "human spheres." Ambulances raced through the cities all day, but all news channels remained silent. The internet was quickly filled with photos and videos of bodies that had rolled up into spheres.

By the evening, it became clear why the news was silent—there was not a single politician left in the entire country who had not yet turned into an orb. And since all information channels were controlled to some extent by various political forces, no one dared to make any statements without the approval of politicians.

By the next morning, half of Europe was already free from politicians, most of the military, many police officers, some criminal figures, and the heads of major corporations. The most surprising thing was that, despite the mass movement of ambulances and rescuers, there was no panic anywhere. There was simply no one left to spread panic—politicians were gone.

Life on the planet was rapidly changing—a turning point occurred when the leader of one of the largest and most powerful countries in the world turned into a sphere live on air the next day. He was just talking about the greatness of his state and that the mysterious events in Europe would not affect the defense capability of his great Motherland. Suddenly, he fell silent and, with a crunch, turned into an orb. Millions of people saw a ball with a dangling tie on screen. Although live broadcasts of such scale have a delay of several seconds, the surreal nature of the image was so captivating that the technicians missed the moment. Moreover, the president's security, almost simultaneously with their boss, also assumed spherical forms.

To address the truly global issue of the folding of politicians, politics, military personnel, and wars, scientists joined the effort. In the first few days, the world's scientific luminaries worked in emergency mode. By the fourth day, there was not a single political figure or military personnel that hadn’t been forced to join the ranks left in the world. Law enforcement, customs, tax, border, and security forces also significantly dwindled. By the fifth day, scientists, having identified the basic patterns of the 'folding,' reduced the intensity of their brainstorming.

On April 10, a global "Conference on the 'Folding' of Political and Military Forces" took place. It got its name because statistical data collected worldwide unequivocally confirmed the remarkable electoral effect of the new pandemic —the general population on any continent had not suffered in any way.

On the other hand, scientists, initially timidly and hesitantly, and then increasingly confidently and boldly, admitted that in cases where the thirst for power and enslavement in an individual exceeded certain specific values, that individual folded into a sphere. On the flip side, an excessive desire for war, killing, looting, controlling, deceiving, and commanding also led to the assumption of a spherical form.

The source of the pandemic and its spread pathways were not identified. According to reports from virologists and microbiologists, global changes began in the vicinity of the city of Interlaken in Switzerland, but finding the cause of

what happened proved elusive and is unlikely to be successful. The main hypothesis was as follows: the 'folding' of politicians, politics, and wars was caused by the spread of some compound generated at the molecular or quantum level. Identifying what exactly it was at this stage of scientific and technological development turned out to be impossible.

Why did this phenomenon quickly engulf the entire planet? Scientists did not have a precise answer to this question either, but here they provided an old, familiar example from physics textbooks: if somehow all the molecules in one glass of water were marked and poured into the World Ocean, stirred, and then the water was scooped up with a clean glass, there would be around 100 marked molecules in it. With the atmosphere, it's even simpler and faster. Quantum theory and quantum systems with an infinitely large number of degrees of freedom still remain theories, and nobody knows what happens at this level at all.

Many questions arose about things that were not entirely scientific in nature. For example, it was very difficult to unfold the curled-up bodies because the twisted muscles seemed to freeze in an extremely tense state. After discussions and counting of the curled-up bodies, the decision was made to bury the orbs in cubes.

So, in the first two weeks since the beginning of the changes in the world, several hundred thousand spheres were buried inside cubes. This had practically no impact on the Earth's population, but the lives of those remaining underwent colossal transformations.

Infinite degrees of freedom.

People, initially with caution, and then increasingly boldly, began to explore the new world that opened up to them. Nations, freed from the poison of political propaganda, started looking at each other with interest rather than fear. Then they began to simply move around countries and continents. The eternal truths were discovered quickly and with surprise - people worldwide had almost identical views on life, notions of good and bad, fears, desires, and demands. Religions without the poison of politics have turned into simply religions. Money also became just a means of payment, no longer the main element of slavery and speculation.

Next, absolutely mind-boggling details emerged - it turned out that on Earth, there was plenty enough of everything for everyone. The planet was capable of comfortably providing food and necessities for several civilizations simultaneously for thousands of years. Vast resources had been concealed through cunning twists of politico-economics and geopolitics for creating scarcity and raising the value of what that the Earth provided - and what, by all rights, belonged to ordinary people.

Following the first, most massive wave of politicians and associated forces being folded, two more diminishing waves were recorded. The layer of the so-called 'ruling class' had not been empty for a single second since primitive times, and the vacuum created by the emergence of this phenomenon began to draw in anyone who still exhibited the inclinations of politicians, slave owners, military personnel, liars, murderers, and robbers.

On the next year, May 3rd, at 5:03 GMT, the speck disappeared from the orbit just as it had appeared - releasing a few photons into space.

35 years have passed. The number of satellites at all orbital heights has multiplied several times. Many changes have also occurred on Earth.

On May 15th at 00:09 GMT, a microscopic ship appeared again in the geostationary orbit. At the same moment, having captured and processed an immense information flow from Earth, the semitransparent inhabitants of the 'speck' noted that there was no military conflict on the planet, and the level of aggression in transmitted information has dropped to zero. The levels of propaganda, manipulation, and falsehood were also delightfully low. Any data regarding 'politics,' for understandable reasons, was absent.

During this time, the Earth's population has spread more evenly across the planet. Any state formations disappeared. Tens of thousands of laws also remained in history—as examples of political, military, and economic madness of the last millennia. There were very few new rules for life—they were simple and logical. The most important thing was that they no longer changed.

In recent years, the number of “orbs in cubes” worldwide has not exceeded a few hundred. Their appearance was not too publicized because everyone long knew what qualities made people take the form of a sphere.

Inside the microscopic alien ship, an image of 85-year-old Tommy Meyer appeared on the large screen. He was sitting under a big tree, while his numerous grandchildren and neighboring children dashed about.

- It’s time for lunch! - Grandma calls from the doorstep of the house.

The children ran off to have lunch, while Tommy continued to watch the dust particles in the sunlight. A quantum camera focused on him through one of the particles. Tommy Meyer smiled, just like he did back in his childhood.

Rey Mov